THE

TRAGEDY

OF

Chrononhotonthologos:

BEING

The moſt *tragical TRAGEDY* that ever was *tragediz'd* by any company of *TRAGEDIANS.*

Written by

BENJAMIN BOUNCE, Eſq;

Qui Capit ille Facit.

DUBLIN:

MDCCLXXIII.


BRITISH MUSEUM
30
72
OCT

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *W. Mills.*

TO Night our comic Muſe *the Buſkin wears,*
And gives herſelf no ſmall romantic Airs;
Struts in Heroics, and in pompous Verſe,
Does the minuteſt Incidents rehearſe;
In Ridicule's ſtrict Retroſpect diſplays,
The Poetaſters of theſe modern days:
When the big bellowing Bombaſt rends our Ears,
Which ſtript of Sound, quite void of Senſe appears:
Or when the Fiddle-Faddle Numbers flow,
Serenely dull, elaborately low:
Either Extreme, when vain Pretenders take,
The Actor ſuffers for the Author's ſake.
The quite tir'd Audience loſe whole Hours, yet pay,
To go un-pleas'd and un-improv'd away:
This being our Scheme, we hope you will excuſe
The wild Excurſion of the wanton Muſe;
Who out of Frolic wears a mimic maſk,
And ſets herſelf ſo whimſical a Taſk:
'Tis meant to pleaſe, but if it ſhould offend,
It's very ſhort and ſoon will have an End.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Chrononhotonthologos, *King of* Queerumania,	*Mr.* Philips.
Bombardinion, *his General*,	*Mr.* Layfield.
Aldiborontiphoſcophornio,	*Mr.* Watſon.
Rigdum Funnidos,	*Mr.* Gough.
Captain of the Guards,	*Mr.* Butler.
Doctor,	*Mr.* Sheridan.
Cook,	*Mr.* Ranolow.
King of the Fidlers,	*Mr.* Seivers.
King of the Antipodes,	*Mr.* Addy.
Dumb, *Maſter of the Ceremonies*,	*Mr.* Meek.
Signor Scacciatinello,	*Mr.* Hinde.

WOMEN.

Fadladinida, *Queen of* Queerumania,	*Mrs.* Reynolds.
Tatlanthe, *her Favourite*,	*Mrs.* Page.
Two Ladies of the Court.	*Mrs.* Ballamy.
	Mrs. Butcher.
Signora Sicarina,	*Miſs* Jones.
Venus,	*Mrs.* Vanderbank.
Cupid	*Maſter* Peters.

SCENE, *Queerumania.*

THE

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OF

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, &c.

SCENE, *An Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos, *and* Aldiborontiphoſcophornio.

Rigdum-Funnidos.

Aldiborontiphoſcophornio!
Where left you *Chrononhotonthologos?*
Aldiborontiphornio.
Fatigu'd with the tremendous Toils of War,
Within his Tent, on downy Couch ſuccumbent,
Him-

Himſelf he unfatigues with gentle Slumbers ;
Lull'd by the chearful Trumpets gladſome Clangor,
The Noiſe of Drums and Thunder of Artillery,
He ſleeps ſupine amidſt the Din of War :
And yet 'tis not definitively Sleep ;
Rather a Kind of Doze, a waking Slumber,
That ſheds a Stupefaction o'er his Senſes ;
For now he nods and ſnores ; anon he ſtarts,
Then nods and ſnores again : If this be Sleep,
Tell me, ye Gods ! what mortal Man's awake !
What ſays my Friend to this ?

Rigdum-Funnidos.

——Say ! I ſay he ſleeps Dog-ſleep, what a Plague wou'd you have me ſay ?

Aldiboronti.

O impious Thought ! O curſt Inſinuation !
As if great *Chrononhotonthologos*
To Animals deteſtable and vile,
Had ought the leaſt Similitude !

Rigdum.

My dear Friend ! you entirely miſapprehend me ; I did not call the King, Dog by Craft ; I was only going to tell you the Soldiers have juſt receiv'd their pay, and are all as drunk as ſo many Swabbers.

Aldiboronti.

Give Orders inſtantly, that no more Money
Be iſſued to the Troops : Mean time, my Friend !
Let all the Baths be fill'd with Seas of Coffee,
To ſtupify their Souls into Sobriety.

Rigdum.

I fancy you had better baniſh the Sutlers, and blow the *Geneva* Caſks to the Devil.

Aldiboronti.

Thou counſell'ſt well, my *Rigdum Funnidos*,
And Reaſon ſeems to father thy Advice :
But ſoft——The King in penſive Contemplation
Seems to reſolve on ſome important Doubt ;

His

His Soul, too copious for his earthly Fabrick,
Starts forth, *ſpontaneous*, in Soliloquy,
And makes his Tongue the Midwife of his Mind,
Let us retire, leſt we diſturb his Solitude.

(They retire.

Enter King.

This God of Sleep is watchful to torment me,
And Reſt is grown a Stranger to my Eyes:
Sport not with *Crononhotonthologos*,
Thou idle Slumb'rer, thou deteſted *Somnus*:
For if thou doſt, by all the waking Pow'rs
I'll tear thine Eye-balls from their Leaden-ſockets,
And force you to outſtare Eternity.

(Exit in a great Huff.

Re-enter *Rigdum* and *Aldiboronti*.

Rigdum.

——The King's in a curſed Paſſion: Pray who is this Mr. *Somnus* he's ſo angry withal?

Aldiboronti.

The ſon of *Chaos* and of *Erebus*.
Inceſtuous Pair! Brother of *Mars* relentleſs,
Whoſe ſpeckled Robe, and Wings of blackeſt Hue,
Aſtoniſh all Mankind with hideous Glare;
Himſelf with ſable Plumes to Men benevolent,
Brings downy Slumbers and refreſhing Sleep.

Rigdum.

The Gentleman may come of a very good Family, for ought I know, but I wou'd not be in his Place for the World.

Aldiboronti.

But lo! the King, his Footſteps this Way bending,
His *cogitative* Faculties immers'd
In *Cogibundity* of *Cogitation*;
Let Silence cloſe our folding Doors of Speech,
Till apt Attention tell our Heart the Purport,

Of

Of this protound Profundity of Thought.

Re-enter King and Attendants.

King.

———It is resolv'd——Now *Somnus* I defy thee,
And from Mankind ampute thy curs'd Dominion.
These Royal Eyes thou never more shall close.
Henceforth let no Man sleep on Pain of Death.
Instead of Sleep, let pompous Pageantry
Keep all Mankind eternally awake.
Bid *Harlequino* decorate the Stage,
With all Magnificence of Decoration:
Giants and Giantesses, Dwarfs and Pigmies
Songs, Dances, Music in its amplest Order,
Mimes, Pantomimes, and all the magic Motion
Of Scene *Deceptivisive* and Sublime.

An Entertainment of Singing here after the Italian *Manner, by Signor* Scacciatinello, *and Signora* Sicarina.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

—To Arms! to arms! great *Chrononhotonthologos*,
Th' Antipodean Pow'rs from *Realms* below,
Have burst the solid Entrails of the Earth.
Gushing such *Cataracts* of *Forces* forth,
This World is too incopious to contain 'em:
Armies, on Armies, march in Form stupendous;
Not like our earthly Legions, Rank by Rank,
But Teer o'er Teer, high pil'd from Earth to Heaven.
A blazing Bullet, bigger then the Sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous Culverin,
Has laid your Royal *Citadel* in Ashes.

King.

Peace Coward! were they wedg'd like Golden Ingots,

Or

Or pent ſo cloſe as to admit no *Vacuum*,
One Look from *Chrononhotonthologos*
Shall ſcare them into nothing. *Rigdum Funnidos*,
Bid *Bombardinion* draw his Legions forth,
And meet us in the Plains of *Queerumania*.
This very now ourſelves ſhall there conjoin him:
Mean time, bid all the Prieſts prepare their Temples
For Rites of Triumph: Let the ſinging Singers,
With vocal Voices, moſt vociferous,
In ſweet Vociferation, out vociferize
Ev'n Sound itſelf; ſo be it as we have order'd.

(Exeunt.

Scene, *A magnificent Apartment.*

Enter Queen Fadladinida, Tatlanthe, *and two Ladies.*

Queen.

——Day's Curtain drawn, the Morn begins to riſe,
And waking Nature rubs her ſleepy Eyes.
The pretty little fleecy bleating Flocks,
In Baa's harmonious warble thro' the Rocks:
Night gathers up her Shades in ſable Shrouds,
And whiſpering Oziers tattle to the Clouds.
What think you, Ladies, if an Hour we kill,
At Baſſet, Ombre, Picquet, or Quadrille.

Tatlanthe.

——Your Majeſty was pleas'd to order Tea.

Queen.

——My mind is alter'd, bring ſome Ratafia.

(They are ſerved round with a Dram.

I have

I have a famous Fidler ſent from *France*,
Bid him come in, What think you of a Dance?

Enter King of the Fidlers.

—Thus to your Majeſty ſays the ſuppliant Muſe:
Wou'd you a *Solo*, or *Sonata* chuſe,
Or bold *Concerto*, or ſoft *Siciliana*,
Alla Franceſe overo in Guſto Romano?
When you command, 'tis done as ſoon as ſpoke.

Queen.

A civil Fellow!——play us the *Black Joak*.

(*Queen and Ladies dance the* Black Joak.

So much for dancing; now lets reſt a while;
Bring in the Tea-Things, does the Kettle boil:

Tatlanthe.

——The Water bubbles and the Tea-Cups ſkip,
Through eager Hope to kiſs your Royal Lip.

(*Tea brought in.*

Queen.

Come Ladies, will you pleaſe to chuſe your Tea;
Or Green Imperial, or *Pekoe* Bohea?

1ſt Lady.

——Never, no, never ſure on Earth was ſeen,
So gracious, ſweet, and *affable* a Queen.

2d Lady.

——She is an *Angel!*

1ſt Lady.

——She's a *Goddeſs* rather.

Tatlanthe.

She's *Angel*, *Queen*, and *Goddeſs* altogether.

Queen.

——Away! you flatter me.

1ſt Lady.

——We don't indeed,
Your *Merit* does our *Praiſe* by far exceed.

Queen.

Queen.

—You make me bluſh: Pray help me to a *Fan.*

1ſt Lady.

——That Bluſh becomes you,

Tatlanthe.

———Wou'd I were a *Man.*

Queen.

I'll hear no more of this as I'm a *Sinner.*

(*Enter Dumb Maſter of the Ceremonies, makes Signs of Eating.*

Dear me! that's true, I never thought of *Dinner:*
But 'twill be over Ladies very ſoon,
Mean time, my Friend, play *T'other little Tune.*

(*Muſic plays they all dance off.*

SCENE, Another Apartment.

Enter Rigdum Funnidos *and* Aldiboronti, *&c.*

Rigdum.

——'Egad we're in the wrong Box: Who the Devil wou'd have thought that this ſame *Chrononhotonthologos* ſhou'd beat that mortal Sight of *Tippodeans*; why, there's not a Mother's Child of 'em to be ſeen. 'Egad they *footed* it away as faſt as their *Hands* cou'd carry 'em; but they have left their *King* behind 'em, we have *him* ſafe, that's one Comfort.

Aldibo.

——Would he were ſtill at ampleſt Liberty,
For, O! my deareſt *Rigdum Funnidos,*
I have a *Riddle* to *unriddle* to thee,
Shall make thee *ſtare* thy ſelf into a *Statue.*
Our Queen's in *Love* with this *Antipodean.*

Rigdum.

——The Devil ſhe is! Well, I ſee Miſchief is going forward with a Vengeance.

Aldibo.

Aldibo.

But lo! the Conqueror comes all crown'd with Conqueſt.
A ſolemn Triumph graces his Return.
Let's graſp the Forelock of this apt Occaſion,
To greet the *Victor*, in his Flow of *Glory*.

A grand Triumph.

Enter King in Triumph, &c. *met by* Rigdum *and* Aldiboronti.

Aldiboronti.

——All hail! to *Chrononhotonthologos*,
Thrice trebly welcome to your Loyal Subjects,
Myſelf and faithful *Rigdum Funnidos*,
Loſt in a Labyrinth of Love and Loyalty,
Intreat you to inſpect our inmoſt Souls,
And read in them what Tongue can never utter.

King.

——*Aldiborontiphoſcophornio*,
To thee and gentle *Rigdum Funnidos*,
Our Gratulations flow in Streams unbounded;
Our Bounty's Debtor to your Loyalty,
Which ſhall with Int'reſt be repaid, e'er long.
But where's our Queen? Where's *Fadladinida?*
She ſhould be foremoſt in this gladſome Train,
To grace our Triumph; but I ſee ſhe ſlights me;
This haughty Queen ſhall be no longer mine;
I'll have a *ſweet* and *gentle Concubine*.

Rigdum. (aſide.)

——Now my dear ſweet *Phoſcophorny*, for a ſwinging Lye to bring the Queen off; and I'll run with it this Minute to her, that we may be all in a Story.

(They whiſper importantly, and Rigdum Funnidos *goes out.*

Aldiboronti.

——Speak not, great *Chrononhotonthologos*,
In Accents ſo injurioufly ſevere

Of

Of *Fadladinida*, your faithful Queen;
By me she sends an Embassy of Love,
Sweet Blandishments and kind Congratulations;
But, cannot, O! she cannot come herself.

King.

——Our Rage is Turn'd to Fear: What ails the Queen?

Aldiboronti.

A sudden *Diarrhœa*'s rapid Force,
So stimulates the Peristaltic Motion,
That all conclude her Royal Life's in Danger.

King.

Bid the Physicians of the Earth assemble,
In Consideration solemn and sedate:
More to corroborate their sage Resolves,
Call from their Graves the Learned Men of old:
Galen, *Hippocrates*, and *Paracelsus*;
Doctors, Apothecaries, Surgeons, Chymists,
All! all! attend, and see they bring their Medicines,
Whole Magazines of Gallipotted Nostrums,
Materializ'd in *Pharmaceutic* Order.
The Man that cures our Queen shall have the Empire.

(Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Tatlanthe, *and* Queen.

Queen.

——Hey ho! my Heart.

Tatlanthe.

——What ails my gracious Queen?

Queen.

——O would to *Venus* I had never seen——

Tatlanthe.

——Seen what, my Royal Mistress?

Queen.

——Too! too much!

Tatlanthe.

——Did it affright you,

Queen.

——No, 'tis nothing such.

Tatlanthe.

———What was it Madam?

Queen.

———— Really I don't know!

Tatlanthe.

——It muſt be ſomething!

Queen.

————No;

Tatlanthe.

————Or, nothing;

Queen.

————————No.

——O, my *Tatlanthe*, have you never ſeen?

Tatlanthe.

——Can I gueſs what, unleſs you tell? my Queen!

Queen.

—The King I mean.

Tatlanthe.

———Juſt now return'd from War;
He rides like *Mars* in his Triumphal Car,
Conqueſt precedes with Laurels in his hand,
Behind him Fame does on her Tripos ſtand.
Her Golden Trump ſhrill thro' the Air ſhe ſounds,
Which rends the Earth, and thence to Heaven rebounds.
Trophies and Spoils innumerable grace,
This Triumph which all Triumphs does deface:
Haſte then, great Queen! your Hero thus to meet,
Who longs to lay his Laurels at your Feet.

Queen.

———Art mad, *Tatlanthe*, I mean no ſuch thing.

Tatlanthe.

—Didn't you name the King?

Queen.

——I did, *Tatlanthe*, but it was not thine;
The charming King, I mean, is only mine.

Tatlanthe.

Tatlanthe.

——Who elſe, who elſe, but ſuch a charming Fair,
In *Chrononhotonthologos* ſhould ſhare:
The Queen of Beauty, and the God of Arms,
In him and you, united, blend their Charms.
Oh! had you ſeen him, how he dealt out Death,
And at one Stroke robb'd Thouſands of their Breath,
While on the ſlaughter'd Heaps himſelf did riſe,
In Pyramids of Conqueſt to the Skies.

Queen.

—This does my utmoſt Indignation raiſe,
You are too partly laviſh in his Praiſe;
Leave me for ever!

Tatlanthe. (kneeling.)

—O what ſhall I ſay?
Do not, great Queen, your Anger thus diſplay,
O frown me dead, let me not live to hear
My gracious Queen and Miſtreſs, ſo ſevere;
I've made ſome horrible Miſtake, no doubt,
Oh! tell me what it is!

Queen.

——No, find it out.

Tatlanthe.

—No, I will never leave you, here I'll grow,
Till you ſome Token of Forgiveneſs ſhow:
O all ye Powers above, come down, come down!
And from her Brow diſpel that angry Frown.

Queen.

—*Tatlanthe* riſe, you have prevail'd at laſt,
Offend no more, and I'll excuſe what's paſt.

Tatlanthe, (aſide.)

Why what a Fool was I not to perceive her Paſſion for the topſy-turvy King, the Gentleman that carries his Head where his Pocket ſhould be; but I muſt tack about I ſee,

To the Queen.

Excuſe me, gracious Madam, if my Heart
Bears Sympathy with yours in ev'ry Part;

With you alike, I ſorrow and rejoice,
Approve your Paſſion, and commend your Choice,
The captive King.

Queen.

That's he! that's he! that's he!
I'd die ten thouſand Deaths to ſet him free:
Oh! my *Tatlanthe!* have you ſeen his Face;
His Air, his Shape, his Mein, with ſuch a Grace;
Quite upſide down, in a new Way, he ſtands,
How prettily he foots it with his Hands!
Well, I muſt have him if I live or die,
To Priſon, and his charming Arms I fly.

(Exeunt.

SCENE, *a Priſon.*

The King of the Antipodes *diſcovered ſleeping on a Couch.*

Enter *Queen.*

Is this a Place, oh! all ye Gods above,
This a Reception for the Man I love?
See in what charming Attitude he ſleeps,
While Nature's ſelf at his Confinement weeps.
Riſe, lovely Monarch! ſee your Friend appear,
No *Chrononhotonthologos* is here;
Command your Freedom, by this ſacred Ring,
Then command me; what ſays my charming King?

(She puts the Ring in his Mouth; he makes an odd kind of Noiſe.

Ah! wretched Queen! how hapleſs is thy Lot,
To love a man that underſtands thee not!
O lovely *Venus*, Goddeſs all divine;
And gentle *Cupid*, that ſweet Son of thine,

Aſſiſt

Aſſiſt, aſſiſt me, with your ſacred Art,
And teach me to obtain this Stranger's Heart.

Venus *deſcends in her Chariot with* Cupid, *and ſings.*

See *Venus* does attend thee
My Dilding, my Dolding,
Love's Goddeſs will befriend thee
Lilly bright and ſhine.
With Pity and Compaſſion,
My Dilding, my Dolding,
She ſees thy tender Paſſion,
Lilly, &c. Da Capo.

Air changes.

To thee I yield my Pow'r divine,
Dance over the Lady Lee.
Demand what e'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
My gay Lady.
Take this magic Wand in Hand,
Dance, &c.
All the World's at thy Command,
My gay, &c.
Da Capo.

Cupid *ſings.*

Are you a Widow, or are you a Wife,
Gilly Flowers, gentle Roſemary.
Or are you a Maiden, ſo fair and ſo bright,
As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.
Queen.
Would I were a Widow, as I am a Wife,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.
For I'm to my Sorrow, a Maiden as bright,
As the Dew, &c.

Cupid.

You ſhall be a Widow before it is Night,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.
No longer a Maiden, ſo fair and ſo bright,
As the Dew, &c.
Two jolly young Huſbands your perſon ſhall ſhare,
Gilly Flower, &c.
And twenty fine Babies your Body ſhall bear,
As the Dew, &c.

Queen.

O thanks Mr. *Cupid*! for this your good News,
Gilly Flower, &c.
What Woman alive would ſuch Offers refuſe.
While the Dew, &c.

Venus *and* Cupid *re-aſcends.*

SCENE, Bombardinion's *Tent.*

King, and Bombardinion.

Bomb.

This Honour, Royal Sir! ſo royalizes
The Royalty of your moſt Royal Actions,
The Dumb can only utter forth your Praiſe,
For we, who ſpeak, want Words to tell our Meaning.
Here! fill the Goblet with *Falernian* Wine,
And while our Monarch drinks, bid the ſhrill Trumpet
Tell all the Gods that we propine their Healths.
(Trumpets ſound.

King.

—Hold, *Bombardinion*, I eſteem it fit,
With ſo much Wine, to eat a little Bit.

Bomb.

Bomb.

See that the Table inſtantly be ſpread,
With all that Art or Nature can produce.
Traverſe from Pole to Pole; ſail round the World,
Bring every Eatable that can be eat:
The king ſhall eat, tho' all Mankind be ſtarv'd.

Cook.

And it pleaſe your Honour, there's ſome cold Pork in the Pantry, I'll haſh it, for his Majeſty in a Minute.

(Exit in a Hurry.

King.

Haſh'd Pork! ſhall *Chrononhotonthologos*
Be fed with Swine's Fleſh, and at ſecond Hand?
Now, by the Gods! thou doſt inſult us, General!

Bomb.

The Gods can witneſs, that I little thought
Your Majeſty to Pork had ſuch Averſion.

King.

Away, thou Traytor! doſt thou mock thy Maſter?

(Strikes him.

Bomb.

A Blow! ſhall *Bombardinion* take a Blow?
Bluſh! bluſh thou Sun! ſtart back thou rapid Ocean:
Hills! Vales! Seas! Mountains! all commixing crumble,
And into *Chaos* pulverize the World:
For *Bombardinion* has receiv'd a Blow,
And *Chrononhotonthologos* ſhall die. *(Draws.*

King.

What means the Traytor? *(Draws.*

Bomb.

——Traytor in thy Teeth, Thus I defy thee!

(They fight, he kills the King.

Ha! What have I done?
Go, call a Coach, and let a Coach be call'd,
And let the Man that calls it be the Caller;

And

And in his calling, let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a Coach ye Gods!
(Exit raving.

Returns with a Doctor.

———How fares your Majesty?

Doctor.

My Lord, he's dead.

Bomb.

Ha! dead! impossible! it cannot be;
I'd not believe it tho' himself should swear it.
Go join his Body to his Soul again,
Or, by this Hand, thy Soul shall quit thy Body.

Doctor.

My Lord, he's past the Power of Physick,
His Soul has left this World.

Bomb.

Then go to t'other World and fetch it back.
(kills him.

And if I find thou trifleſt with me there,
I'll chaſe thy Shade through Myriads of Orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the Verge of Nature.
Ha!—Call'ſt thou *Chrononhotonthologos*;
I come! your faithful *Bombardinion* comes:
He comes in Worlds unknown to make new Wars,
And gain thee Empires, num'rous as the Stars.
(kills himself.

Enter Queen and others.

Aſide to ronti.

—O horrid! horrible, and Horrid'ſt Horrour!
Our King, our General! Our Doctor dead!
All dead! Stone dead, irrecoverably dead!———
Oh!———
(all groan a Tragedy Groan.

Queen.

My Huſband dead! ye Gods, what is't you mean,
To make a Widow of a Virgin Queen?

For,

For, to my great Misfortune, he poor King,
Has left me so, and that's a wretched thing.
(to Tatlanthe.

Tatlanthe.

Why then, dear Madam! make no farther Pother,
Were I your Majesty, I'd try another.

Queen.

I think 'tis best to follow thy Advice. *(simp'ring.*

Tatlanthe.

I'll fit you with a Husband in a Thrice:
Here's *Rigdum Funnidos*, a proper Man,
If any one can please a Queen, he can.

Rigdum.

Ay, that I can, and please your Majesty; so Ceremonies apart. Let's proceed to Business.
(kisses the Queen.

Queen.

Oh! but the Mourning takes up all my Care;
I'm at a Loss what colour'd Weeds to wear.

Rigdum.

Never talk of Mourning, Madam,
One Ounce of Mirth is worth a Pound of Sorrow.
Let's bed to-Night, and then we'll wed to-Morrow.
I'll make thee a great Man, my little *Phosphorny*.
(to Aldi. *aside.*

Aldi.

I scorn thy Bounty, I'll be King, or nothing.
Draw Miscreant! draw!
[Rigdum *runs behind the Queen.*

Queen.

Well, Gentlemen, to make the Matter easy,
I'll have you both, and that, I hope, will please ye.
[*takes each by the Hand.*
And now, *Tatlanthe*, thou art all my Care;
Where shall I find thee such another Pair.
Pity, that one has serv'd so long, so well,
Shou'd die a Virgin, and lead Apes in Hell.

Chuse

Chuſe for your ſelf, dear girl, our Empire round,
Your Portion is Twelve Hundred Thouſand Pound.

Tatlanthe.

Thanks to your Majeſty, give me the money,
Let me alone to find myſelf a Honey.

Tatlanthe ſings.

Marriage may become a Curſe,
Huſbands may but teaze me,
So for better or for worſe,
No Man e'er ſhall ſeize me.
Changing, ranging at my Pleaſure,
Men in Plenty for my Treaſure,
I myſelf, will keep the Purſe,
And pay them as they pleaſe me.

Queen ſings.

Troth, my Girl, thou'rt in the Right,
And thy Scheme I'll borrow;
'Tis a Thought that's new and bright,
Wedlock brings but Sorrow.

To Aldi. *and* Rigd.

Gentlemen! I'm not for Marriage,
But, according to your Carriage,
As you both behave to-Night,
You ſhall be paid To-Morrow.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Shireburn.*

CUSTOM commands that I ſhould
ſomething ſay,
In Favour of the Poet, and the Play:
Critics! on you our Author does depend,
Be you his Champion, and his Cauſe defend;
You know his Drift, if Wrongheads ſhould
miſplace it;
I'm bid to ſay, Qui capit ille facit.
Whate'er you pleaſe to cenſure or correct,
We ſhall amend with Pleaſure and Reſpect:
But to our Failings, ſome Indulgence give,
And with one gen'rous Plaudit, bid us live.

FINIS.



EPI-